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BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON.

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THE DAY IS DONE.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward,
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the ruin and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bardic sublime,
Where distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

For like the strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor,
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gush from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.

Who through the days of long labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still hidden in his soul the music,
Of wondrous melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infect the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

False Packed Cotton.

At a recent meeting of the Cotton Manufacturers' and Planters' National Association the prominent subject of discussion seems to have been false packed cotton. Several of the members declared in unmeasured terms against the general habit of planters in mixing water, sand, and other foreign substances with the cotton in the process of baling. One person, an individual somewhat notorious in this section on account of certain shrewd speculations in cotton just after the war, a Mr. Garsed, of Pennsylvania, stated that of thousands of bales he had handled since the war hardly one per cent. came up to the standard. Another equally honest and truthful member is reported to have said that as a general rule planters throw buckets of water in the bales and sprinkled sand on the wet cotton while it was being packed. Similar statements were made by other members of the Association.

We notice that several of our State exchanges have copied this slander upon the cotton planters without uttering a word of dissent, thereby, to some extent at least, endorsing these wholesale and utterly false charges. There is not a respectable man in the South connected with the cotton trade—there is not a single respectable planter who does not know that false packed cotton, so-called, is a mere incident of our primitive and deficient *modus operandi* in preparing the crop for market. Planters who make from fifty to three hundred bales of cotton have but one gin house and run but one gin. The work of ginning is pressed with great industry so as to keep up that work with the picking. In a rainy season it is almost impossible to prevent mixing what is called *storm cotton* with the clean and better grades. This mixing is accidental, and is a result mainly of what we have already spoken of in relation to our very imperfect and narrow facilities for housing the crop. We venture to say that out of the twenty-five or thirty thousand cotton planters in Georgia, a well authenticated charge of intentional false packing, such as was alluded to and seriously commented upon in the late meeting of the Cotton Manufacturers' Association, cannot be successfully made against one dozen in the entire State.

Any one at all familiar with the mode of gathering the crop, adopted from necessity by all planters, that it makes it extremely difficult for a "lazy man and brother" to put water, sand, or a few rocks in the baskets while picking. These baskets are regularly overhauled and examined at night when the pickers come in from work, but where a number of laborers are employed this examination is more or less superficial and imperfect. A few baskets containing foreign substances will occasionally escape detection and their contents, dumped into the common heap in the gin-house. If much water is put in the baskets, when the cotton is thrown up in a bulk, a heating process is brought on and the re-

sult is that the lint in the immediate vicinity of the wet cotton is injured. When this cotton is taken up by the hand detailed to feed the Gin, it very often happens that the inveterate habits of laziness which cling to the negro as a freedman as strongly as when he was a slave, causes him to throw in the injured cotton along with the good. This cannot possibly be avoided by the most honest planter unless he remains all the time at the Gin and watches himself every basket full as it is thrown into the hopper. The sand and rocks which may be thrown in the cotton while it is being picked to increase its weight, are separated by the Gin from the lint and cannot get into the lint room except in minute particles—not enough to increase the weight but just enough to injure the color of the lint.

The charge which has been most frequently made against planters by our cotton factors is not that they intentionally put foreign substances in the bales, but that they exercise too little vigilance in preventing different grades of cotton being mixed in the packing process. When this is the case they call them *mixed cottons*. Under our present system, and with our present facilities for housing and preparing the crop for market, this accident is likely to occur more or less frequently, in proportion to the personal attention the planter gives to his ginning operations. When the negro can be made industrious, honest, faithful and careful, then *mixed cottons* will no longer be seen in the market.

Since the war false-packed cotton has been somewhat more common than previously. This is owing to two reasons. One is that the high price of cotton has induced a class of men, not planters, to embark in its cultivation as a temporary expedient to make money rapidly. These people rent land at high prices, give excessive interest to their factors for the use of money to make the crop with, and promise high rates for labor. They are not permanently identified in interest or feeling with planters. They are essentially cotton bunnies, and care little or nothing about the results of their operations so long as they make money and make it quick. Before reclamations can be made on them they are either *non est inventus* or if found, have made fraudulent conveyances to cheat their creditors and avoid responsibility for their false packing. The other reason why false packed cotton is now more frequent than before the war, is found in the fact that, owing to impetuosity, many planters have been compelled to farm out their lands, or a portion of them to negroes. Others have been, and are still working, on shares with them. In most instances where planting has been carried on under these conditions the negroes have had almost entire control of the preparation of the crop for market. They have been apt to learn the trick of false packing, and have, in many instances, escaped detection until the crop has been divided and the planter's portion sent forward to market. In such cases the planters receive the blame for the misconduct of the laborers.

But, making due and proper allowance for these occasional frauds, we deny, and the books of Southern cotton factors will bear us out in the denial, that anything like the amount of false packed cotton mentioned by Garsed has been sent to market. We deny that there is such a habit, and more especially that it is a general one. We have felt bound to enter this protest, on the part of planters, against the wholesale charges made by such men as Garsed and his associates. The entire body of planters, as a class, are quite as honest, upright and honorable as the Cotton Manufacturers' National Association.

Since writing the above we have received a pamphlet copy of the proceedings of the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers and Planters, held in the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, on the 30th of June last. We give below some extracts from the debate on false packed cotton. It will be seen that Garsed asserts that of the thousands—we presume very many—of bales of Cotton he has handled since 1861, hardly one per cent. has come up to the quality of the sample. Every cotton dealer in the United States knows that this statement is untrue.

Mr. Garsed: I should like to know what Southern gentlemen here have to say on this question, of all others the most serious to the future of the cotton business. I don't believe one bale in fifty of "middling" turns out the same inside as outside. We are told it is a matter of the overseer and the negro, but if we give short measure, it is our fault—no negro, no overseer for us.

You can bring a bale of tow from extreme Russia in better condition than you can bring a bale from any-

where. In China or India cotton, one layer does not vary from another one-tenth of a grain, and it all has marks inside by which it can be traced; but of the thousands of bales of cotton I have handled since 1861, and I have kept a very close account, hardly one per cent. has been according to standard, to say nothing of the mud and dirt. Now will Col. Wesson let us hear from Mississippi?

Col. Wesson: I cannot defend the cotton planter in all things. Indeed, I never do anything but what I think morally right. There is too much truth in what the gentleman says about false packing. It is done all around me, but it is very hard to catch the offender. I tried last Summer, but did not succeed. It is a common practice now to wet the cotton inside, or to wet a pile of sand roll it in a fleece of cotton, and put that in the middle of the bale. In the case where I detected it, the cotton was raised by one man and sent to another man's gin, and the negroes put it up there, so we could not reach it.

There is a remedy which most of you, gentlemen, may adopt. You may buy your cotton in the interior and save very much of the loss, the drayages, the insurance, and commissions to which it is subjected in passing through the cities. Every time it is resold it is resampled. Some of our folks apply the word "stealing" to it, and I don't know but that it is a good word, for it is taken out for the purpose of gain. I have heard of a man who made 600 bales of cotton in one season by sampling.

Mr. Saunders, of Tennessee: I should recommend to parties to buy their cotton at the seaboard rather than in the interior towns. Cotton cannot be examined well unless it is baled clear through. The difference in cotton in the same bale is frequently now from there being different varieties in the same gin-house. Under the new or *spud* system of farming, each *spud* puts its cotton by itself in the house and they gin by turns. Under the old system, each grade, first, second and last picking, was ginned separately; now a *spud* may not have enough of either one to make a separate bale, and the different kinds are put together. False packing is much more common in India than in America. This I could show. If I had time, from the reports of the Cotton Supply Association. If you bore a bale well you will find if there is wet cotton or too much trashy cotton in it.

Col. Wesson: It is very important, this examining deep. They call it "catching the coon," in Georgia, but the more directly you deal with the planters the better. If you buy the bales of Mr. Smith, in Columbus or Jackson, and it is sent right to your mill, and you find it false packed, Mr. Smith's honor is touched; an explanation and reclamation follow. When you buy at the seaboard, it has passed through so many hands that you can't tell which Mr. Smith is responsible. I have opened the past year twenty odd bales of cotton that had rolls of sand in the middle, but it had gone through too many hands. I could not tell which put the sand in.

Mr. Garsed: I alluded to China, not India cotton.

Mr. Saunders: Mr. Garsed will buy no more China cotton for many years, if ever. The past season China imported from Great Britain 235,000,000 yards of cotton goods, and did not export to Great Britain a single pound of cotton. India and China jointly imported 1,508,000 bales of cotton goods, and did not export over 1,420,000 bales of cotton.

Mr. Nichols: We labor under an enormous disadvantage. Cotton is put up at the South for export, properly and in light bagging. When it is put up for a Northern manufacturer, there is the strongest temptation to put on as much iron and heavy bagging as possible. We want the united action of every Board of Trade and of every community where cotton is used. If New York and the New England States can be induced to pass an enactment suggested by this Association (and they unquestionably can be), it will be impossible to sell cotton without deducting the tare. They cannot get it from the Englishman, and they cannot get it from us.

It will be seen from the above extracts that not only are the planters charged with the general habit of false packing Cotton, but an equally false and absurd charge is made by Mr. Nichols that planters prepare their Cotton differently for the Northern and Foreign markets. Now we venture to say that the entire crop of Georgia there are not a dozen planters who have the slightest idea where the crop will be taken for manufacturing. The idea that they attempt to give the English manufacturer the advantage over the Yankee mill-owner is near akin to the pre-

tended Radical opinion that we are Radicals still. Mr. Nichols is doubtless a political Radical demagogue of the Butler-Summer School, and wishes to wring into the discussions of the association a little bit of politics.

Our space is too limited to permit us to follow this subject further. Our object is simply to repel the unjust and false aspersion cast upon the Southern planters by those "Lowell Lords."—*Chronicle & Sentinel*.

THE YOUNG LION OF NEW ENGLAND.

A Talk with Mr. John Quincy Adams—Sweeping the Political Horizon—The Plots of Butler—The Republican Party beyond Redemption—The Democratic Path to Victory—Hoffman the Coming Man—Chase odious to the South—The Sleeping Lion.

Few of the readers of the *News* have forgotten the young Massachusetts statesman, of historic name and lineage, whose visit to our State, and speeches here during the Presidential campaign last fall, created so remarkable a stir. This gentleman is now looming up conspicuously as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor of his native State. The convention which is to make the nomination meets this week. The *New York Sun* publishes a long account of an interview held by one of its reporters with Mr. Adams, which is quite interesting. After eliciting the views of Mr. Adams on the local politics of Massachusetts, in the course of which it was hinted that the notorious Butler was scheming to obtain Henry Wilson's seat in the United States Senate, the reporter asked: "Can you tell me, Mr. Adams, in what estimate General Grant is held by the Republicans of New England?"

A BULL IN A CHINA SHOP.

Mr. Adams smiled and replied: "They are in a terrible fix. They are mortified, chagrined, disgusted with their President, and don't know how to help themselves. They can't control him; nobody can control him, and he has no political power to control himself. He is out of his element in the Executive office, and feels it. State matters are a bore to him. Statesmen and politicians are not congenial companions to him. He dislikes their conversation and shuns it, thus shutting himself out from the advice and information a President always needs. He prefers the companionship of horse-jockeys and retired merchants who have plenty of money to spend, but who know nothing of public affairs and care less. The Republican party in New England is an aristocratic party, and dislikes the course General Grant is pursuing. But they can't help themselves, and they feel the mortification all the more keenly on that account."

"How do you account for the singular foreign policy of his administration?" I asked.

MR. FISHER'S FOREIGN POLICY.

"The foreign policy, so far as it is developed," he replied, "I attribute exclusively to the influence and direction of Mr. Fish. It is popularly known, I suppose, that the President and all the Cabinet, with the possible exception of the Attorney-General, were disposed to adopt, in our relations both with Spain and England, a very dangerous and threatening policy. Mr. Fish was firm in his opposition to such a course, and I think the result will prove the wisdom of the policy he has stamped upon the administration. There was a time, immediately after their utterance, when the whole country seemed carried away with Mr. Sumner's views as expressed in his famous speech; but calm and deliberate reflection has convinced the most of us of the fallacy of those views. Mr. Fish had the sagacity to detect the error of them at the time, and the courage to face public opinion in opposing them. I confess that I do not clearly understand his policy in detail, and especially his singular attitude toward Cuba. But I have confidence in his eminent abilities as a statesman, and feel assured that he will manage these delicate affairs so as to evolve a wise solution."

"Do you not think," I suggested, "that the country sympathizes with the Cubans in their struggle for freedom, and that the influence of our government should be exerted in their behalf?"

TERRITORIAL ACQUISITIONS.

"Hardly think," he replied, "that the mass of the people of this country care anything about that struggle. The people of New England are not concerned about it. The West cares nothing about it. In New York there is considerable feeling on the subject, which is carefully nursed and kept alive by interested parties. There are many Canbans residing in New York, and that city has a large and profitable trade with Cuba. Hence their interest in this struggle. But

that interest is by no means general throughout the country. It is true I suppose, that the country would like to acquire Cuba. That acquisitiveness is one of the bones of our people. We not only would like Cuba, but we would like the greater portion of Mexico, all of Canada, and perhaps other contiguous territory. It may be, too, that we are destined to possess all this continent, and more, too, for all I know. But I very much question whether so great territorial extension will benefit us much.

THE SOUTH DEMOCRATIC—HOW THE NEGROES WILL VOTE.

"You took a run through the South last year, Mr. Adams," I remarked. "What was the result of your observations in that direction? Can the Republican party retain the control of that section of the country?"

"By no means," he replied. "As fast as the States have restored to them their political privileges and rights, they will reassert their independence of this ruling power. It is all nonsense to suppose that the labor of that section will forever subject itself to the control of a few adventurers. At present the negroes are kept in a state of political excitement and semi-anarchism to the Southern people for partisan purposes, but really the negroes care nothing about politics. If left to themselves they would scarcely ever assert their political rights, or restrained from exercising them; but it is not in their nature or dispositions to care for them. In the cities they may, and probably will always take an active part in party contests; but the mass of the negroes, as is well known, are scattered in small colonies on distant plantations, and after this unnatural excitement passes away, and they are left to themselves, politics will be the least of their concerns, except once a year, when their employers will ask them to the polls to vote. Then, of course, they will vote whatever ticket their employers or overseers put into their hands. So the political power in that section will very soon lapse into the hands of those who have always wielded it. And they are beginning to see this inevitable tendency. Hence their readiness to accept reconstruction under the present plan. They know that while a set of carpet-baggers are temporarily placed in power, it is like a stepping stone to their own restoration to political supremacy."

THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.

"What is your opinion of the prospects of the adoption of the Fifteenth amendment to the Constitution?" I asked.

"I think," he replied, "that it will make but little difference whether it is adopted or not. It is inconsistent with the former portion of the constitution, and is therefore invalid. If declared adopted, when the Democratic party comes into power it will simply ignore it."

"Would the Supreme Court pronounce it invalid because of that inconsistency?" I asked.

THE FAREWELL SHAKE.

"My dear sir," said I rising, "I have to thank you for this interview and for the information you have given me. I leave you profoundly impressed with the idea that Massachusetts will be honored in you as her Chief Magistrate, as the General Government will ultimately be in calling you its head and brightest ornament."

He bowed, shook me warmly by the hand, and bade me call again whenever I could find opportunity, for which mark of condescension I expressed many thanks and bade him farewell.

STATE TAXATION.—A correspondent informs us that the State tax which he paid last year on a tract of land on Combale River was \$90, while this year the tax on the same tract amounts to \$608.50, the land being assessed at over double the sum which would be taken for it in cash. Our correspondents ask whether this tax is constitutional, and whether its collection can be enforced?

There has been much discussion and agitation in the State on the subject of the State taxes, and, at one time, it was likely that in many counties the people would flatly refuse to pay the increased assessments. Now, however, it seems to be admitted that there is no hope of redress through the courts, and that we must wait patiently until the day comes when the property in the State may be assessed at its true value, according to the theory of the present tax law. In individual cases of excessive assessment, something may be gained by an application to the State Auditor, who, in several instances, has reduced the assessment. The increase in the tax demanded of our correspondent can not apparently be accounted for by the change of system which came into effect this year, and he is advised with all others so situated, to make a representation of the facts to the State Auditor. This can do no harm, and may do good.—*Charleston News.*

CARL SCHURZ DENOUNCES DEMOCRACY AND THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

certainly soon regain the ascendancy." "What course do you suggest as advisable for the Democrats to pursue?" I asked.

THE WINNING DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

"Well," he replied, "suggestions on that point might more appropriately come from older soldiers than myself. But my own idea is that, if the Democrats will adopt their platform to the live issues of the day, except negro suffrage and the other inevitable results of the late war, drop their old Bourbon leaders, and take up new men not tied to the dead past and its obsolete ideas the path to victory is new open to them."

GOVERNOR HOFFMAN TO LEAD THE DEMOCRACY.

"Whom would you suggest as a standard-bearer in such a campaign?" I asked.

"John T. Hoffman, of New York," he replied promptly.

"Mr. Hoffman has made a good mark as Governor of New York," said I.

"Most admirable," replied Mr. Adams. "He has exceeded the anticipations of his warmest friends, and is to-day the strongest, if not the most able man in the country."

"I see," said I, "that Tammany Hall has again nominated him."

"Yes," replied Mr. Adams; "he has the power of that singularly powerful organization at his back, with the prestige of success as Chief Magistrate of the Empire State, two points that almost insure his selection by the party and a successful result. New York can dictate the candidate in 1872; and with such a candidate as Mr. Hoffman, the Democrats are sure of success."

CHASE ODIOUS AND ADAMS TOO YOUNG.

"Will not Mr. Chase be a candidate for the Democratic nomination?" I asked.

"Mr. Chase undoubtedly would like the nomination," he replied, "but the South will never consent to his having it. He is odious to the Southern Democracy, and can never secure their support. This I ascertained to my perfect satisfaction last year when I was in the South."

"I have heard your own name mentioned in this connection," I remarked.

"That is all nonsense," he replied. "I am too young in the party to expect such a preference at this time, and moreover, Massachusetts has no right to present a candidate. When we have redeemed this State, as the Empire State has been redeemed, and can name so distinguished and able a man as New York names in Mr. Hoffman, we may with some show of propriety talk of presenting a candidate. At present we must confine ourselves to the work of overthrowing Radicalism in our own borders."

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CARL SCHURZ DENOUNCES DEMOCRACY AND THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

The Baby's Drawer.

There's a little drawer in my chamber
Guarded with the tenderest care,
Where the dainty clothes are lying,
That my darling shall never wear.

And there, while the hours are waning,
Till the house is all at rest,
I sit and fancy a baby
Close to my aching breast.

My darling's pretty, white garments!
I wrought them, sitting apart,
While his mystic life was throbbing
Under my throbbing heart.

And often my happy dreaming
Breaks in a little song,
Like the murmur of birds at brooding,
When the days are warm and long.

I finished the dainty wardrobe,
And the drawer was almost full
With robes of the finest muslin,
And robes of the finest wool.

I folded them all together,
With a rose for every pair,
Smiling, and saying, "God be fragrant,
Fit for my prince to wear."

And, the radiant Summer morning,
So full of a mother's joy!
"Thank God, he is fair and perfect,
My beautiful, new-born boy!"

Let him wear the pretty, white garments
I wrought while sitting apart;
Lay him, so sweet and so helpless,
Here, close to my throbbing heart.

Many and many an evening
I sit, since my baby came,
Saying, "What do the angels call him?"
For he did without a name;

Sitting while hours are waning,
And the house is all at rest,
And I fancy a baby nestling
Close to my aching breast.

THE COTTON SUPPLY.

Review by the London Times.

The *London Times*, of the 14th instant, has an editorial on the subject of the cotton supply, which was transmitted by cable on Saturday, wherein it says:

A curious aspect has just been given to the question of the cotton supply. Just as the association for promoting this object is holding its usual meeting, a merchant writes us that Manchester alone is responsible for the scarcity it suffers. With all its wealth, enterprise and confidence, it has never invested a penny in the cotton field. The conclusion of the outside world obviously is, that those who know most about cotton-planting can never pay. Their caution acts in others, and cotton culture is discouraged. If the Manchester spinners would establish a cotton company, with a large capital employed in the heart of India, things would be different; but they stand aloof and refuse to risk their money in adventure, and when cotton comes to them they drive it down to a losing point.

The association urge the establishment of large cotton fields in Ethiopia, but the recommendation, though interesting to growers, has little effect to cause more cotton to be grown. Cobden and his friends maintained it was not the duty of the manufacturer to concern himself with the South, but merely to offer a sure and steady market for the produce. If India undersold America by a farthing in the pound on equal quality, she would command the Lancashire market. The policy of the manufacturer was to keep the market open and give preference to the best cottons.

How these doctrines ended we need not say, but the singular complaint of our correspondent lends illustration to argument. He resents the practice of the manufacturer in driving down the price. It is not natural for the buyer to cheapen the article.

Does not the remark strengthen the argument that the same people ought not to be buyers and sellers? Its figure state that the average India cotton, formerly bringing four pence per pound, now brings ten pence, and may be many years before it is lower than seven pence would remunerate and satisfy Lancashire, the mighty question may be near its solution. Remembering that the cardinal question is price, and cotton stuffs can be sold to the markets of the world, and that the money to recompense the grower and spinner comes from the pockets of the weaver, it is useless to grow and spin if it cannot be sold in quantity and at price to remunerate all concerned.

Up to the time of the American war these conditions were fulfilled. The South produced and Lancashire manufactured so cheaply that the article commanded the markets of the world. The price of India cotton is now two and a-half times greater than formerly, which is enough to demolish the whole trade. No wonder that looms are idle. Cheap goods and dear cotton are incompatible. Until cheap goods are produced trade cannot revive. If the average of seven pence pays the grower, there is no reason why industry should not revive. A protective tariff will not always prevail.

If the prices spoken of will satisfy consumers and remunerate producers, there is nothing to prevent

the speedy revival of production and consumption. But between the spinner and the grower must necessarily exist ordinary commercial antagonism. Cotton is now at ten pence instead of four pence, because American competition is reduced. The price can only be abated by a return to large and more regular supplies. If India be our feeder it can only be on terms of free and open trade. Cotton-growers must be prepared for a revival of American industry and the competition of the whole world. In such a race India would have great advantages, which if measured by the judicious action of the government, it is probable that Indian agriculture and British industry might be established on broad and permanent prosperity.

THE OLD DOMINION.

General Canby and the Iron-Clad Oath.

A Washington letter to the *Baltimore Sun* says:

Politicians here are not disposed to place much reliance upon the report telegraphed from Richmond that General Canby will issue his proclamation in ten days declaring the result of the election, conveying the Legislature, applying the iron-clad to members, and giving the seat of a member who cannot take the oath to the candidate receiving the next highest number of votes. The Virginia Radicals, it is thought, are ready for desperate measures, and a resort to any reckless scheme to gain possession of the Legislature and secure a United States senator, and this dispatch, it is said, is thrown out as a "feeler."

While General Canby doubtless sympathized with the *Wells* party, he is not prepared to violate all the sense of political propriety and go to the extreme lengths indicated in this dispatch. A gentleman here, who is in his confidence, and who was as anxious as any one else before the election for the success of General Wells, says he does not believe that General Canby has indicated to any human being an authorization making such publication as the above. But in all the discussions of the matter the President and General Canby have been only mentioned as having control of the subject, when the fact is that, under the reconstruction laws, General Sherman has something to say and do about it.

In its great desire to have Mr. Johnson shown of as much of his power as possible, the Fortieth Congress gave the general of the army almost supreme control over these reconstruction measures. These laws have never yet all been repealed, and it is possible that General Sherman may yet have much to say in the matter, and it is not believed that he will permit such action as that indicated in the dispatch above quoted. Nor do well-informed gentlemen believe that the President himself will countenance what is suggested. His disposition seems to be rather to place confidence in the Virginians and allow them to reconstruct their State on the basis indicated by their last election, when the people spoke plainly in favor of a conservative policy for the State. The people say they acted and voted in good faith, and the President is believed to be disposed to give their sincerity a fair test.

The New York Board of Health report the summer is closing with unusual promise of healthfulness, and that the death rate has been steadily diminishing during each week for the past month. For this favorable exhibit, the *Tribune* says, they should return many thanks to Providence and none to themselves.

The people in the upper part of the State are deeply interested in the success of the proposed railroad from Spartanburg S. C., to Asheville, N. C., and assert that the project has many advantages over the costly Blue Ridge Railroad.

In Louisiana they have settled the question of Chinese suffrage. Seven Chinamen have registered in a single parish.

A negro and a white girl were married in Washington City, Tuesday, by a magistrate. The parties are represented as having come from Warrenton, Va.

Four companies of California militia have been mustered out of State service for refusing to march in the San Francisco Fourth of July procession with colored men.

The *Richmond Dispatch* says: "General Canby has decided that a twelve months' residence in the State is necessary as a qualification to senators and members of the House of Delegates."